

### SACRED SONGS

# GOSPEL MEETINGS

→ J. E. WHIPE, IC.

→ W. SPONE, IC.

→ H. B. OYEN.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.:

Published by J. E WHITE, 133 West Main St.

1881.

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Benson

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EXPRESSLY ADAPTED FOR



J. E. WHITE,

C. W. STONE,

A. B. OYEN.



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#### PREFACE.

BETTER THAN PEARLS contains only such pieces as by a careful examination of both words and music are found to be useful in all gospel meetings.

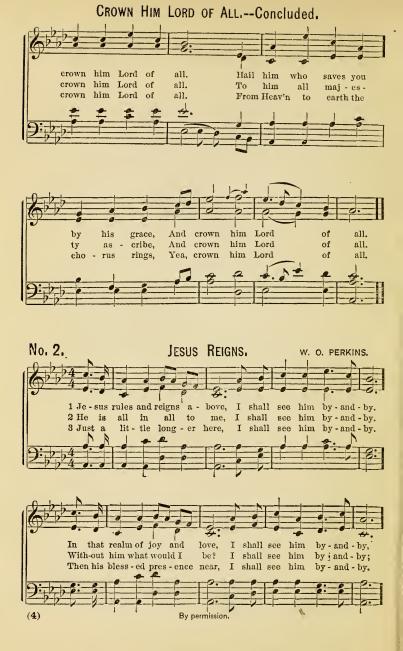
Thanks are tendered to those who have so liberally contributed to its pages treasures both new and old.

Hoping our efforts may help on the tide of sacred song here below, and that we may join with you in singing the great "new song" above, We are respectfully yours,

J. E. WHITE. C. W. STONE. A. B. OYEN.

## Better than Pearls.





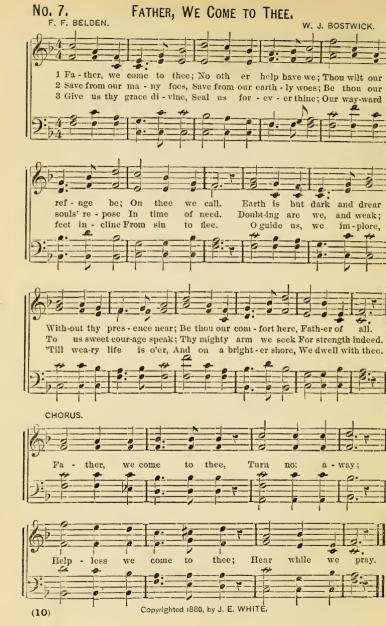






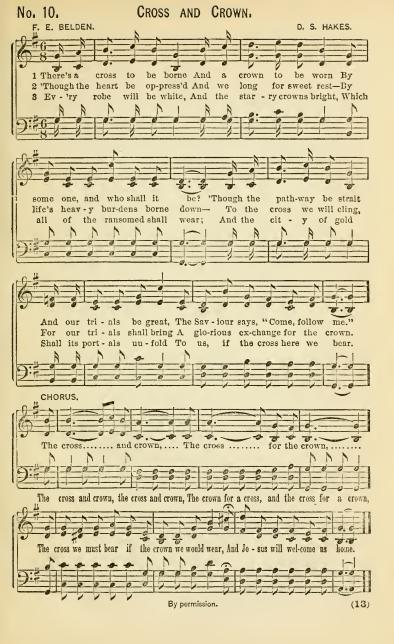








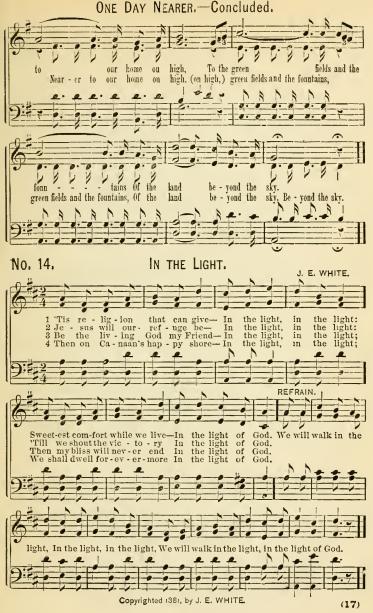


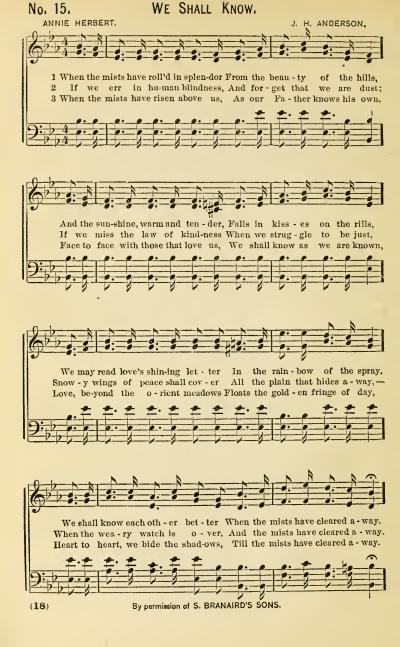












# WE SHALL KNOW .-- Concluded.



When the mists

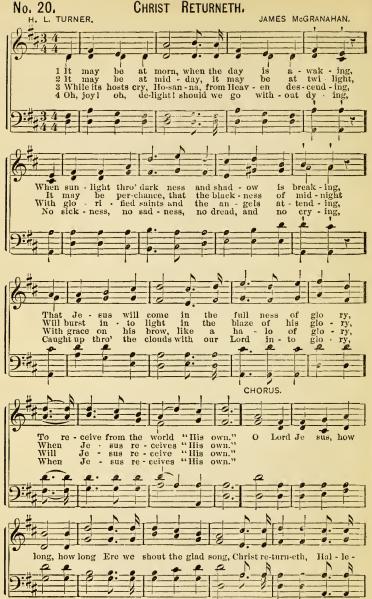
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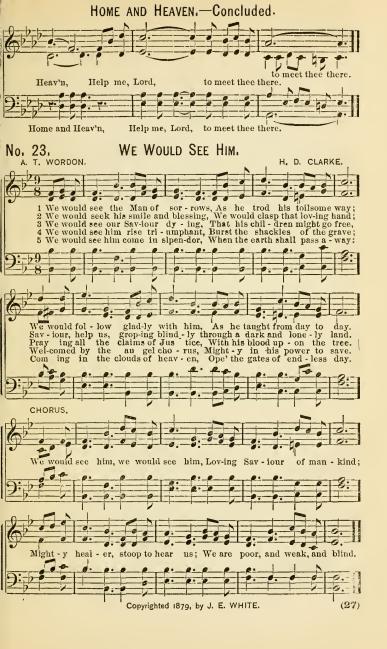




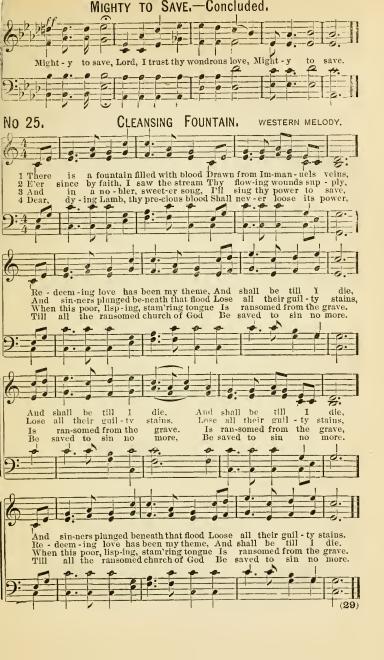




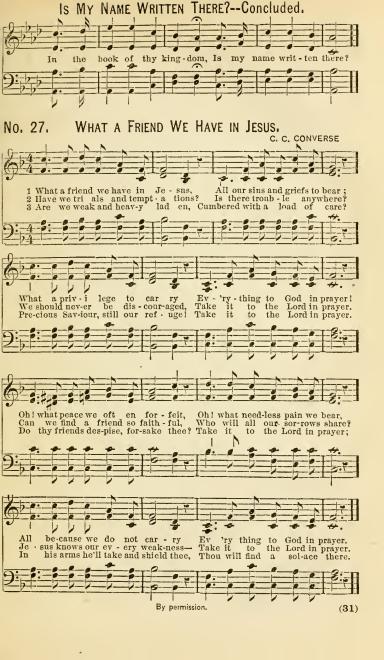






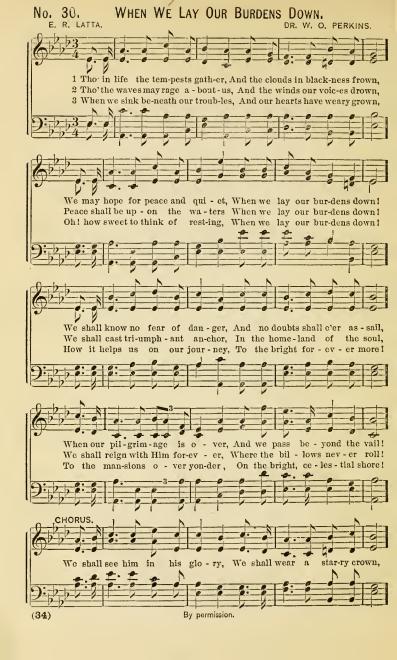




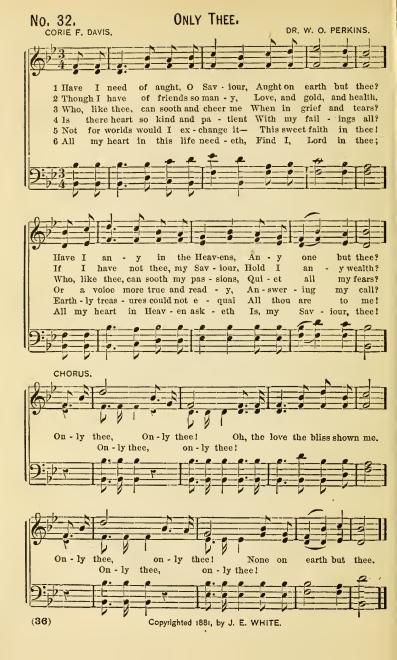




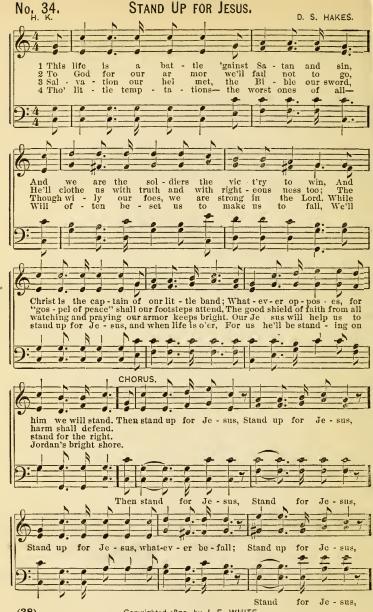


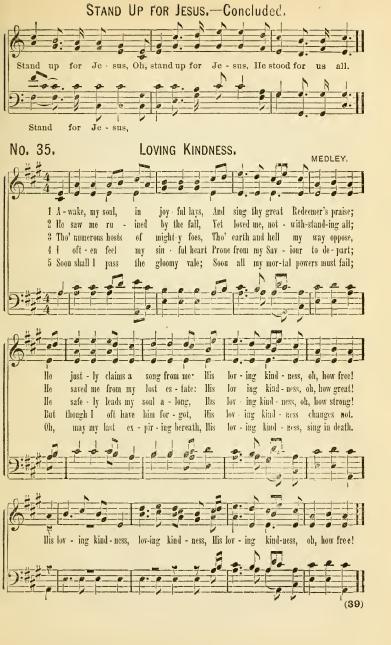


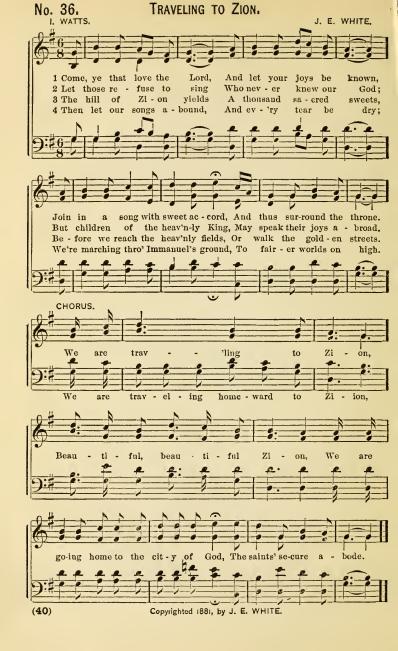




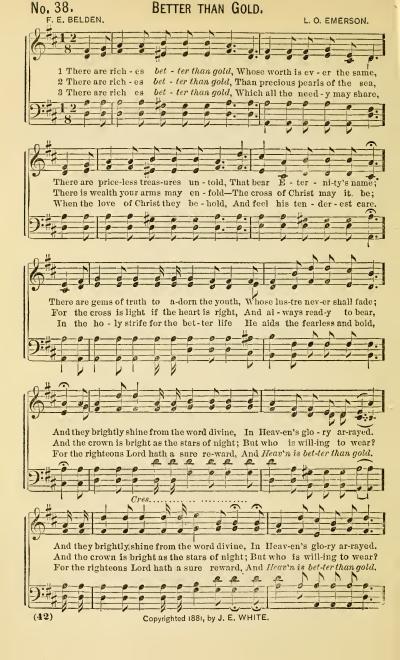












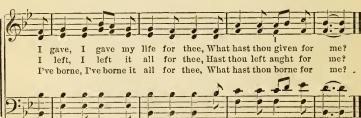
## BETTER THAN GOLD .-- Concluded.





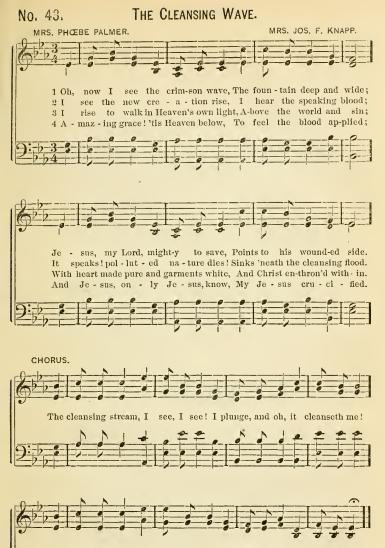


## No. 42. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME. MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. J. E. WHITE. 1 I gave my life thee, My pre-cious blood shed, 2 My Fa - ther's house of light, - My glo - ry - cir cled throne suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, be. And quickened from the That thou might'st ransomed dead; left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone: bitter - est To res - cue thee from hell: gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me? it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me? left, I left I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?



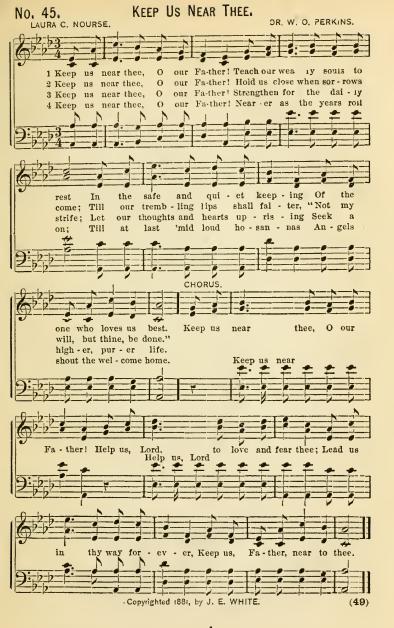
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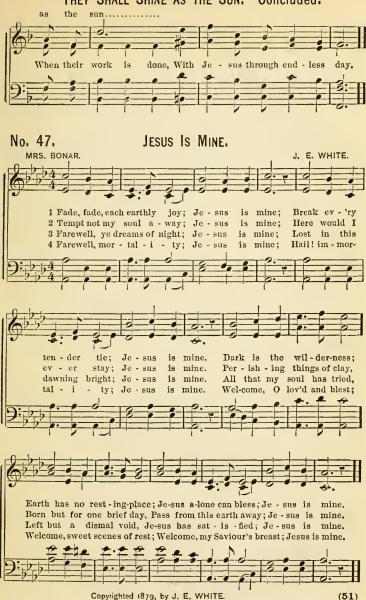








## THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE SUN. - Concluded.











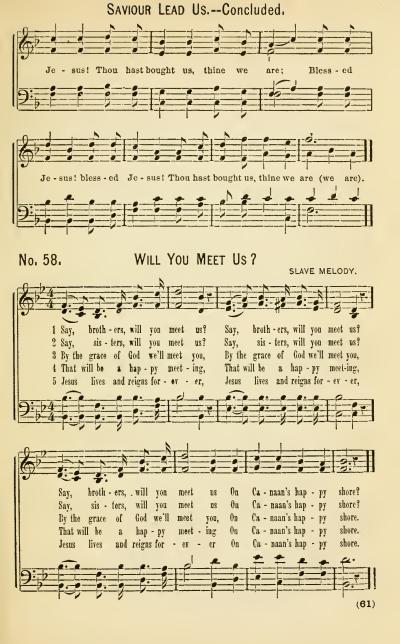


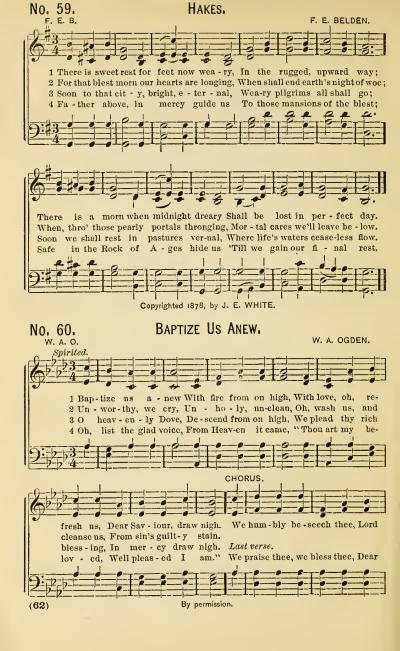


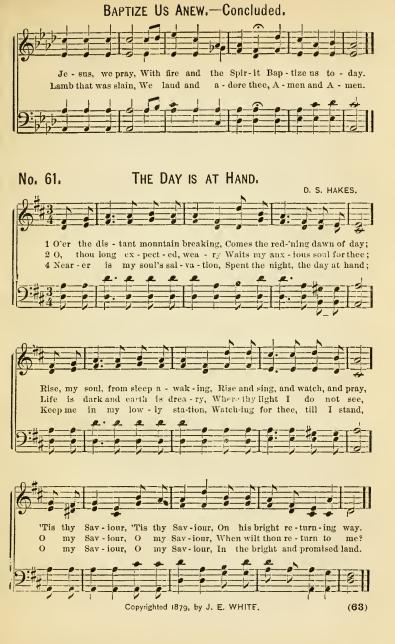


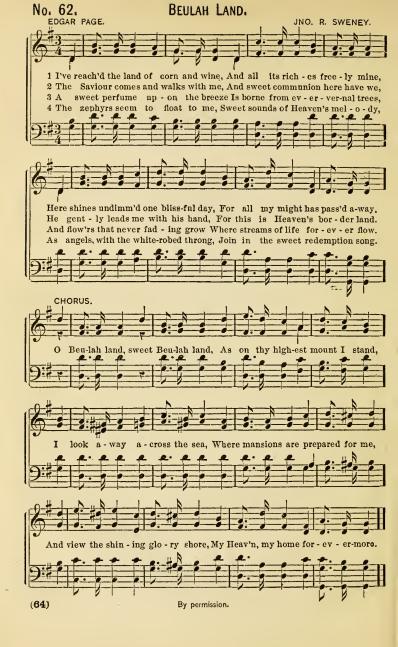










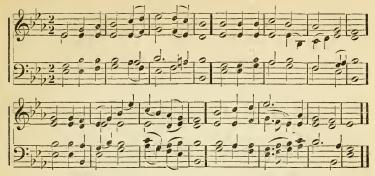












# 67 Jehovah's Power.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,

He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
  - High as the heavens our voices raise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command:
  Vast as eternity thy love
  Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

### 68 Preach the Word.

- 1 Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord; Bid the whole world my grace receive; He shall be saved who trusts my word; And they condemned who disbelieve.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gospel true By all the works that I have done, By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end; All power is vested in my hands, I can destroy, and I defend.
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
  - On a bright cloud to Heaven he rode; They to the farthest nations spread The grace of their ascended Lord.

#### 69 God's Goodness.

1 High in the heavens, Eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines, Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud That veils thy just and wise designs

- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep, Wise as the wonders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a mighty deep
- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace, Whence all our hope and comfort spring!

spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

- 4 In the provisions of thy house
  We still shall find a sweet repast;
  There mercy like a river flows,
  And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of my Lord, And in thy light our souls shall see The glories promised in thy word.

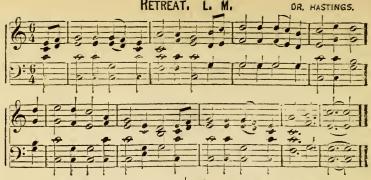
#### 70 Star of Our Hope.

- 1 Star of our hope! he'll soon appear, The last loud trumpet speaks him near; Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole— How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From Heaven angelic voices sound. Behold the Lord of glory crowned, Arrayed in majesty divine, And in his highest glories shine.
- 3 The grave yields up its precious trust, Which long has slumbered in the dust, Resplendent forms ascending fair, To meet the Saviour in the air.
- 4 Descending with his azure throne, He elaims the kingdom for his own; The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing, And hail lum their triumphant King

# 7I Father, Bless the Word.

- 1 Almighty Father, bless the word, Which, through thy grace, we now have heard,
  - Oh! may the precious seed take root, Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace, Thus in thy courts to seek thy face. Grant, Lord, that we who worship here, May all at length, in Heaven appear.

(89)



72 The Mercy Seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'The found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one com: Lon mercy-seat?

- 3 Ah! whither should we flee for sid, When tempted, desol to, dismayed, Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Itad suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 There, there on angels' wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more; The Lord comes down, our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

73 Earthly Trials.

I One precious boon, O Lord, I seek,
While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
To hear a voice within me speak,
Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee.

- 2 Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll Nor mourn though under foot I'm trod, If day by day I may but share Thine approbation, O my God.
- 3 Let me but know, where'er I roam,
  That I am doing Jesus' will; home,
  And though I've neither friends nor
  My heart shall glow with gladness still.
- 4 To that bright, blest, immortal morn By holy prophets long foretold, My eager, longing eyes I turn, And soon its glories shall behold.

74 Invocation.

- 1 Thy presence, gracious Lord, afford; Prepare us to receive thy word; Now let thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mixed with what we hear.
- 2 To each thy sacred word apply.
  With sovereign power and energy,
  And may we in thy faith and fear
  Reduce to practice what we hear

#### 75 Life is Fleeting.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss.! How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew.
  The with ring grass, the fading flower,
  Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
  The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain, There is a land whose confines lic Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
  Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
  If God be ours, we're traveling home,
  Though passing through a vale of tears.

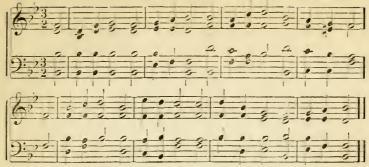
# 76 Christ Present.

- 1 Where two or three, with sweet according to their sovereign Lord. Meet to recount his acts of grace. And offer sofemu prayer and praise,
- 2 There, says the Saviour, will I be, Amid this little company; To them unveil my smiling face, And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord, Relying on thy faithful word; Now send thy Spirit from above, Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

# 77 God's Love and Care.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening new, And morning mercies from above, Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thon spread st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command. To thee devote my nights and days; Perpetual blessings from thy hand, Demand perpetual songs of praise.

(70)



# 78 Commencing Sabbath.

- 1 Another six days' work is done, Another sab ath is begun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day that God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to weary minds: A blessed antepast is given. On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 Oh! that our tho'ts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies: And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast.
  Is the best pledge of glorious rest.
  Which for the church of God remains,
  The end of cares, the end of pains.

#### 79 He Cares for Me.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my follies past. [come. And gives me strength for days to
- 8 I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus if the night of death should come. My flesh shall rest beneath the ground. And wait thy voice to break my tome, With sweet salvation in the sound

# 80 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest, And make thy mansion in my breast; Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul.

Thou God of love and peace divine. Oh, make thy light within me shine! Forgive my sins, my guilt remove. And send the tokens of thy love.

#### 8I Sabbath Prayer.

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray, In this thy house, on this thy day; Accept, as grateful sacrifice, The songs which from thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above: To that our laboring souls aspire. With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 O long-expected day, begin, Dawn on these realms of woe and sin; Fain would I leave this weary road, And go to meet my blossed Lord.

#### 82 God's Counsel.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son, Makes his eternal counsels known, 'Tis here his riches, mercy shines, And truth is drawn to fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts, To form our minds, to cheer our hearts; Its induence makes the sinner live; It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls. An I comfort yields to contrite souls, It brings a better wor d in view. And guides us all our journey through,

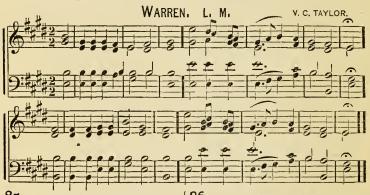
#### 83 Christ Our Pattern.

- 1 My blest Redeemer and my Lord, I read my duty in thy word; But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in living characters.
- What truth and love thy bosom fill! What zeal to do thy Father's will! Such zeal, and truth, and love divine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer; The desert thy temptations knew. Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear More of thy gracious image here: [name Then God. the Judge, shall own my Among the followers of the Lamb,



84 Wondrous Cross.

- When I survey the wondrous cross
   On which the Prince of glory died,
   My richest gain I count but loss,
   And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 3 Since I, who was undone and lost, Have pardon through his name and word;
- Forbid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a tribute far too small;
  Lowson amazing, so divine,
  Demands my life, my soul, my all.



85 Praise to God.

- 1 O thou, to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist's sacred harp was strung, Whom kings adored in song sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongne,—
- 2 Not now on Zion's hight alone Thy favored worshipers may dwell, Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies, The grateful song, the fervent prayer— The incense of the heart—may rise To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

- 86 Praise Expressed.
- 1 So let our lips and lives express
  The holy gospal we profess;
  So let our works and virtues shine,
  To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our gracious Lord, When his salvation reigns within. And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears onr spirits up,
  While we expect that blessed hope,
  The bright appearing of the Lord;
  And faith stands leaning on his word.



qI

87 The Fountain.

1 By faith I to the fountain fly, Opened for all mankind and me, To purge my sins of deepest dye, — My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows, The purple and the crystal stream; Pardon and holiness bestows, And both I gain through faith in him.

#### 88 Sabbath Light.

- Lord of the Sabbath and its light,
   I hail thy hallowed day of rest;
   It is my weary soul's delight,
   The solace of my care-worn breast.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy, Thy hours are ever dear to me; Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 How sweetly now they glide along!
  How hallowed is the calm they yield!
  Transporting is their rapturous song,
  And heavenly visions seem revealed.
- 4 O Jesus, let me ever hail
  Thy presence with the day of rest;
  Then will thy servant never fail
  To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

# 89 Ashamed of Jesus!

- 1 Jesns, and shall it ever he, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of Heaven depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- Till then, nor is my boasting vain, 4 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain; And oh! may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me,

### 30 By Faith.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk through deserts dark as night: Till we arrive at Heaven, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear; Far into distant worlds she pries, And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Though lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way, With joy we tread the desert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray.

#### God's Work.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part; And fresh supplies of joy be shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desired or wished below; And every hourfind sweet employ, In that eternal world of joy.

# 92 Plea for Grace.

- 1 Ere to the world again we go, To meet its cares and idle show, Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave, From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard, The lessons of thy holy word, Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep, And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 Oh! may the influence of this day Long as our memory with us stay, And as an angel guardian prove, To guide us to our home above.



93 Jesus Reigns.

I lle reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name in lofty strains; Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise exalt their voice.

- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknowu; But grace and truth support his throne; Though gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;

Before him burns devouring fire; The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies with wild dismay
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

#### 94 Come, Gracious Spirit.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be thou our guardian, thou our guide; O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road Which we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ—the living way, Nor let us from his pastures stray;
- 4 Lead us to God—our final rest,—
  To be with him forever blest;
  Lead us to Heaven, its bliss to share—
  Fullness of joy forever there.

### 95 The Sabbath.

- 1'I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, For they are days of holy rest, [word, And thou hast passed thy changeless That they shall be forever blest.
- 2 I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, That congregate thy people here, To join their hearts in sweet accord, And fit them for a higher sphere.

# 96 Grant Thy Blessing.

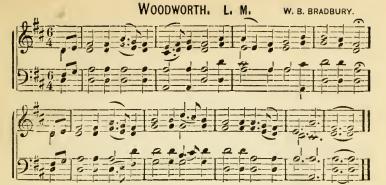
- Lord, grant thy blessing here to-day;
   Oh! give thy people joy and peace;
   The tokens of thy love display,
   And favor that shall never cease.
- 2 We seek the truth which Jesus brought; His path of light we long to tread; Here be his holy doctrines taught, And here their purest influence shed.
- 3 May faith, and hope, and love, abound; Our sins and errors be forgiven; And we, from day to day, be found Children of God and heirs of Heaven.

#### 97 Dedication Hymn.

- 1 All things are thine: no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to offer thee; And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.
- 2 Thy will was in the builder's thought; Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought; Through mortal motive, scheme, and Thy wise, eternal purpose, ran. [plan,
- 3 No lack thy perfect fullness knew; For human needs and longings grew This house of prayer, this home of rest— Here may thy saints be often blest.
- 4 In weakness and in want we call
  On thee, for whom the heavens are
  Thy glory is thy children's good, [small;
  Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.
- 5 O Father! deign these walls to bless; Make this th' abode of righteousness! And let these doors a gateway be To lead us from ourselves to thee!

# 98 Closing Hymn.

- 1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word; All that has been amiss, forgive, And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good; Cleanse us from sin through Jesus' blood; Give every fettered soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.



#### Compassion.

1 The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When death inflicts his fatal wound, When tender friends and kindred die.

- 2 Yet not one anxions, murm'ring thought Should with our mourning passions blend.
  - Nor would our bleeding hearts forget Th' alm guty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills, Our fe, ble flesh and heart may fail; Yet shall our hope in thee, our God, O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Our Father, God! to thee we look, Our rock, our portion, and our friend; And on thy covenant love and truth, Our sinking souls shall still depend.

#### 100 Just as I Am.

- 1 Just as I am-without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am-and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each O Lamb of God, I come, I come. [spot.
- 3 Just as I am-though tossed about
- With many a conflict, many a doubt— "Fightings with n, and fears without," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find; O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am-thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am-thy love, I own, Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, and thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

#### IOI Prayer.

1 What various hind'rances we meet, In coming to the mercy-seat; Yet, who that knows the worth of But wishes to be often there. fprayer,

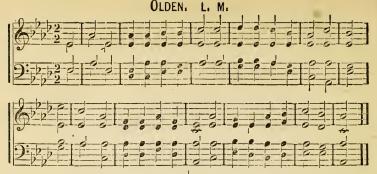
2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw: Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,

Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian arm And Satan trembles when he sees [bright; The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread Success was found on Israel's side; [wide, But when, through weariness, they That moment Amalek prevailed. [failed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again; Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creatures ears With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent. To Heaven in supplication sent, Your cheerful song would oftener be, Hear what the Lord hath done for me!

#### 102 Asleep in Jesus.

- Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to rest In hope of being ever blest.
- 3 Asleep in Jesns! Peaceful rest. Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That manifests the Saviour's power.
- Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise, When the last trump -hall rend the skies; Then burst the fetters of the tomb. To wake in full, immortal bloom.



#### IO3 Christ's Prayer.

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis midnight—in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that disciple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt, The man of sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and, from ether plains, Is borne the song that angels know; Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sariour's woe.

# IO4 Salvation.

- 1 Let everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord; Thy hands have brought salvation down, And stored the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon: With deep distress the spirit breaks, Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree! 1 low wise and holy thy commands! Thy promises, how firm they be! 1 low sure our hope and comfort stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise Assault my faith with treach rous art, I'd call them vanity and lies, And bind the gospel to my heart.

### 105 Prayer.

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey The blessings God designs to give; Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress, It cares distract, or fears dismay, If guilt deject, if sin distress, in every case, still watch and pray.

- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak, Though thought be broken, language lame;
  - Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak, But pray with faith, in Jesus' name
- 4 Depend on him; thon canst not fail;
  Make all thy wants and wishes known;
  Fear not, his merits must prevail!
  Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

#### 100 The Maker's Love.

- 1 When power divine, in mortal form, Ilushed with a word the raging storm, In soothing accents Jesus said, Lo, it is I; be not afraid.
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps, And lonely watch the mourner keeps, One thought shall every pang remove, Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 And when the last, dread hour shall come.
  While trembling nature waits her doom,
  This voice shall wake the righteous Lo, it is I, be not afraid. [dead—

#### 107 Dedication.

- 1 Here, in thy name, Eternal God, We build this earthly house for thee; Ohl choose it for thy fixed abode, And guard it long from error free.
- 2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face, And dying sinners pray to live, Hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling-place, And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 When here thy messengers proclaim The blessed gospel of thy Son, Still, by the power of his great name, Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 And when our voices raise the song, Hosanna! to our heavenly King, Let Heaven with earth the strain prolong; Hosanna! let the angels sing.

#### 108 Doxology.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Praise him all creatures here below! Praise him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!



#### 109 Trust in the Almighty.

- 1 Unshaken as the sacred hills, And firm as mountains stand, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th' Almightý hand.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well Fair Salem's happy ground, As those eternal arms of love, That every saint surround.

#### IIO The Word of God.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh! may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.

#### III The Saviour's Death.

- 1 Alas, and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the Lord was crucified For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
  While his dear cross appears,
  Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
  And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
  The debt of love I owe;
  Here, Lord, I give myself away—
  'Tis all that I can do.

#### II2 The Judgment.

- 1 And must I be to Judgment brought, And answer in that day, For every vain and idle thought, And every word I say?
- 2 Yes; every secret of my heart Shall shortly be made known, And I receive my just desert For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live! With what religious fear, Who such a strict account must give For my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead, The watchful power bestow; So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.

#### II3 Accept Our Prayer.

- 1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine Through all my life attend, Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

#### II4 The Book Divine.

- 1 How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to Heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears, And life, and light, and joy imparts, And banishes our fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.

(77)



#### II5 Awake, My Soul.

- Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;
   A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he whose hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee, Our race have we begun: And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet We'll lay our trophies down.

#### II6 Blessed Bible.

- 1 There is an ancient, blessed book, Sent down from age to age; Admiring angels bend to look Upon its hallowed page.
- 2 Preserved by wondrous care and skill, For our instruction given, It speaks of God, and shows his will, And points the way to Heaven.
- 3 Oh! let us seek for heavenly grace
  To hear and read aright!
  Till we hehold the Saviour's face,
  And faith gives place to sight.

#### II7 Salvation Nigh.

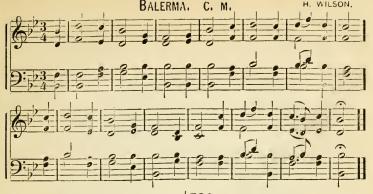
- 1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near: Then welcome each declining day, Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand revealed To our admiring eyes.

# II8 Christian Soldier.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his canse? Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, Whilst others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Mnst I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend of grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar, With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of vict'ry through the skies, The glory shall be thine.

# IIQ Title Clear.

- 1 When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my sonl engage, And fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my Heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.



#### I20 Plea for Faith.

- 1 Oh! for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe.
- 2 That will not murmur or complain Beneath the chastening rod; But in the honr of grief or pain, Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown, That sin's wild ocean cannot drown, Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

#### I2I A New Heart.

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free! A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean, Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed, And filled with love divine! Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; Write thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

#### Closer to God.

- 1 Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

#### 123 Redeemer's Praise.

- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease! 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the ernel power of sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood avails for me.
- 4 He speaks, and listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

#### I24 Children of God.

- 1 How blest the children of the Lord, Who, walking in his sight, Make all the precepts of his word Their study and delight.
- 2 Their works of piety and love Performed through Christ, their Lord, Forever registered above, Shall meet a sure reward.

(79)



#### 125 Word of God.

- 1 A glory in the Word we find, When grace restores our sight; But sin has darkened all the mind, And veiled the heavenly light.
- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view, How bright the doctrines shine! Their holy fruits and sweetness show The Author is divine.
- 3 How blest are we, with open face
  To view thy glory, Lord,
  And all thy image here to trace,
  Reflected in thy word!
- 4 Oh! teach us, as we look, to grow In holiness and love, That we may long to see and know Thy glorious face above.

#### 120 Sabbath Blessing.

- 1 Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest; Oh! bless this flock, and make this fold Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul Are the sweet days of love; But what a Sabbath shall I keep When I shall rest above!
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray; Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace; Here, in thine own appointed way, I wait to see thy face.
- 4 Oh! if my soul, when Christ appears, In this sweet frame be found, I'll clasp my Saviour in mine arms,; And leave this earthly ground.

#### 127 Plenteous Grace.

- Let plenteous grace descend on those
  Who, hoping in thy word,
   This day have solemnly declared
  That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance, And run the Christian race, And, through the troubles of the way, Find all-sufficient grace.

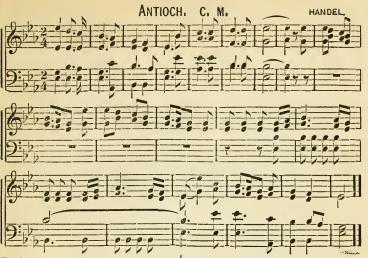
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
  That we thy life may prove—
  Partakers of thy cross beneath,
  And of thy crown above.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Love divine,
  Thy grace to us be given;
  To a new life our souls incline,
  A life for God and Heaven.

#### 128 Baptism.

- 1 Baptized into our Saviour's death Our souls to sin must die; With Christ our Lord we live anew, With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There by his Father's side he sits, Enthroned divinely fair; Yet owns himself our Brother still, And our forenumer there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise On wings of faith and love; Above our choicest treasure lies,— And be our hearts above.
- 4 Let not earth's pleasures draw us down; Ohl give us strength to rise, And through thy strong, attractive power, At last to gain the prize.

#### 129 Walk in the Light.

- 1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that light on thee hath shone In which is perfect day.
- 3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.
- 4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, though thorny, bright; For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light.



130

1 Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And Heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their songs employ; [plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

4 Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.



Impart Thy Blessing.

1 Within thy honse, O Lord, our God,

In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround, Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.

And let thy gospel's joyful sound With power reach every heart,

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain: Here give the mourner rest; Let Jesus here triumphant reign,

Enthroned in every breast,

(81)



132

Love.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight When those that love the Lord, In one another's peace delight, And thus fulfill his word;
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide And show a brother's love.
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flows; And union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glows.

#### Jesus, my Lord.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend his cause, Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord. I know his name; His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
- 8 Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure What I've committed to his hands Fill the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face, And in the New Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

# 134 "Thy Word is Truth."

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis like the snn, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day And through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise; I hate the sinner's road; I hate my own vain thoughts that rise. But love thy law, my God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth; How pure is every page! That holy book shall guide our youth, And well support our age.

#### Hope.

- 1 Dear as thon wert, and justly dear, tear: We would not weep for thee; [tear: One thought shall check the starting From sorrow thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power The tears of love restrain: Oh, who that saw thy parting hour, Could wish thee back again?
- 3 Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust, And, as thy Saviour rose, The grave again shall yield her trust, And end thy deep repose.
- 4 Thy Lord, before to glory gone, Idawn Shall bid thee come away; [dawn And calm and bright shall break the Of Heaven's eternal day.

#### 136 Dedication.

- 1 To thee this temple we devote, Our Father and our God; Accept it thine, and seal it now Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend, The voice of praise arise; And may each lowly service prove Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt, And weep before his Lord; Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love, And here his yows record.
- 4 Peace be within these sacred walls; Prosperity be here; Oh, smile upon thy people, Lord, And evermore be near.

(82)



#### 137 Guide My Ways.

- 1 Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still; Oh! that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.
- 2 O send tny Spirit down to write Thy law apon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes; Let no corrupt design,

- Nor covetous desires, arise Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere; Let sin have no dominion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands—
  "Tis a delightful road,
  Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
  Offend against my God.

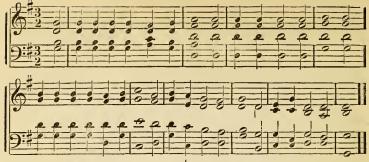


# 138 Brighter Scenes Above.

- 1 Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ever-blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine, To guide our upward aim! With one reviving look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent souls shall rise, [spring, To those bright scenes, where pleasures Immortal in the skies,

(83)





### I39 Reverence.

- With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord;
   His high commands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be! How bright thine armies shine! Where is the power that vies with thee, Or truth compared with thine?
- 3 Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great Deliv'rer sing; Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound, Be joyful in your King.
- 4 O Jesns, Lord of earth and Heaven, Our life and joy, to thee Be honor, thanks, and blessing given Through all eternity.

#### 140 My Redeemer Liveth.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; A token of his love he gives, A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word, I steadfastly believe Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord, And to thyself receive.
- 3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars To meet thee from above; Thy goodness thankfully adores,— And sure I taste thy love.
- 4 When God is mine, and I am his, Of Paradise possessed, I taste unutterable bliss, And everlasting rest.

#### I4I How Happy They.

- 1 How happy they who know the Lord,— With whom he deigns to dwell! He cheers and guides them by his word, His arm supports them well
- 2 His presence sweetens all their cares, And makes their burdens light, A word from him dispels their fears, And gilds the gloom of night

#### I42 Nearness to God.

- 1 Oh! could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God, Then would my hours glide sweet away, While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live Anew from day to day, In joys the world can never give, Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine, That I may never more depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.

### 143 Thy Will be Done.

- 1 I ask not, Lord, for less to bear Here in the narrow way, But that I may thy blessing share In all I do or say.
- 2 Through whatsoe'er my path shall lie, With patience may I run; With fillal trust my heart reply, Thy will, O God, be done.
- 3 With thee to lead, I will not fear In scenes with dangers rife, While still thy cheering voice I hear, I am the way, the life.
- 4 Then help me to improve, with care, These precious moments given, For they a faithful record bear, Of good or ill, to Heaven.
- 5 And in thine arms of love, enfold Me from the tempter's snare, And in the book of life, enrolled, Be my name written there

#### I44 Closing Hymn.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy, remain Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou wilt redeem us by thy blood, And set the prisoners free, And make us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with thee,

(84)



#### 145 The Heavenly Land.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers,
And but a little space divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Oh! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unbeclouded eyes.— Could we but climb where Moses stood,

And view the landscape o'er,—
Not all this world's pretended good
Could ever charm us more.

# 146 I Seek Thy Face.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.
So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power Through all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour, That vision so divine.
 Not life itself, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheerful voice,

# As thy forgiving love. 147 Expectation.

I've ofttimes felt before;
But what I feel is just a taste,
And makes we long for more.
Had I the pmions of a dove,
I'd fly and be at rest;
Then would I go to Christ, my love,
And dwell among the blest.

1 The glories of that heavenly land.

2 Oh! could I reach my heavenly home, And ne'er return again;

I would not think the seasons long, That I should suffer pain.

But Patience bids us wait awhile! The crown's for them that fight; The prize for those that win the race By faith, and not by sight.

# 148 Invitation.

1 Come to the living waters, come! Obey your Maker's call; Return, ye weary wanderers, home, My grace is free for all. Nothing ye in exchange shall give, Leave all you have behind; Freely the gift of God receive, And peace in Jesus find.

2 I bid you all my goodness prove, My promises are free; Come, taste the manna of my love, Delight your souls in me. Your willing ear and heart incline, My words in faith receive, Quickened, your souls by faith divine, Eternal life shall live.

### 149 Devotion.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
I love, in solitude, to shed.
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

2 I love to think of mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore. I love, by faith, to take a view Of brighter scenes to come,

The prospect doth my strength renew While here away from home.



#### 150 The Sabbath.

- 1 Thy holy Sabbath, Lord,
  Thy people hail with joy;
  And while we wait to hear thy word,
  Let praise our hearts employ.
- 2 With sweet delight, the day That thou hast called thine own, We hail, and all our homage pay To thine exalted throne.
- 3 Oh! may thy saints be blest; Assist us while we pray; May we enjoy a holy rest, And keep the sacred day.
- 4 When Sabbaths here shall end, And from these courts we move, May we an endless Sabbath spend In heavenly courts above.

#### I5I Penitence.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring angels see! Be thon astonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In Heaven alone no sn is found, And there's no weeping there.

# 152 Equip Me.

- 1 Equip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight; My simple, upright heart prepare, And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought; My whole of sin remove; Let all my works in thee be wrought, Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 Oh, arm me with the mind, Meek Lamb, that was in thee! And let my knowing zeal be joined With perfect charity.

- 4 With calm and tempered zeal
  Let me enforce thy call;
  And vindicate thy gracious will,
  Which offers life to all.
  - 5 Oh, may I learn the art, With meekness to reprove! To hate the sin with all my heart, But still the sinner love.

#### 153 God's Care.

- 1 How holy God's commands! How just his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
  His saints securely dwell;
  That hand which bears all nature np,
  Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this auxious load Press down your weary mind? Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
  Through each succeeding day;
  I'll drop my burden at his feet,
  And bear a song away.

### 154 Bless the Lord.

- 1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are divine.
- 2 He fills the poor with good; He gives the sufferers rest; The Lord hath judgments for the proud, And justice for th' oppressed.

#### 155 Closing Hymn.

- 1 Lord, at this closing hour, Establish every heart Upon thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give; Fill all our hearts with love; In faith and patience may we live, And seek our rest above



# 156 Bless the Lord.

- 1 Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise, Ahove all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud and magnify?
- 3 Oh! for the living flame
  From his own altar brought,
  To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
  And wing to Heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song, And his salvation ours; Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransomed power.

#### 157 - God's Law.

- 1 God's holy law, transgressed, Speaks nothing but despair; Burdened with guilt, with grief oppres'd, We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears, Nor works which we have done, Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers, Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found In Jesus' precious blood: 'Tis this that heals the mortal wound, And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,
  The spotless Victim dies;
  This is salvation's only source,
  Whence all our hopes arise.

#### 158 The Better Land.

- 1 Beyond this gloomy night Eternal beauties rise, A land of love, a land of light, Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 This is the land of life, Where death is known no more; Saints ever rest, now free from strife, Their present labors o'er.

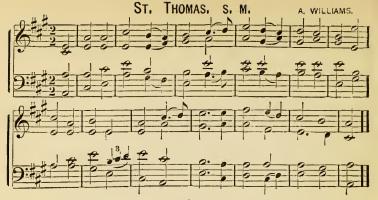
3 From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity,

### 159 Soldiers of Christ.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor ou; Fight, for the battle will beours; We fight to win a crown.
- 2 We fight not against flesh; We wrestle not with blood; But principalities and powers, And for the truth of God;
- 3 With wicked spirits, too,
  That in high places stand,
  Perverting oft the word of God,
  And say 'tis by command.
- 4 Put all the armor on, Like valiant soldiers stand; Let all your loins be girt with truth, Waiting our Lord's command,
- 5 While Jesus is our friend, And his rich grace supplies, We'll march like valiant soldiers on; We're sure to win the prize.
- 6 The battle's almost o'er;
  The race is nearly run;
  Then with our glorious, conq'ring King,
  We'll sit down on his throne.

### 160 God's Bounty.

- 1 My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart, When all is thine before? Thy love demands a thankful heart; The gift, alas! how poor.



#### I6I God's Word.

- 1 How perfect is thy Word.
  Thy judgments all are just;
  And ever in thy promise, Lord,
  May man securely trust.
- I hear thy word in love,
   In faith thy word obey;
   Oh! send thy Spirit from above,
   To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy connsels all are plain,
  Thy precepts all are pure;
  And long as Heaven and earth remain,
  The truth shall still endure.
- 4 Oh! may my soul with joy
  Trust in thy aithful word;
  Be it through life my glad employ,
  To keep thy precepts, Lord.

#### 162 Faith in Christ.

- With willing hearts we tread
   The path the Saviour trod;
   We love th' example of our Head,
   The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone, Our hope and faith rely, O thou who wilt for sin atone, Who didst for sinners die!
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice;
  To thy dear cross we flee;
  Oh! may we die to sin, and rise
  To life and bliss in thee.

# To life and bliss in thee. 163 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come; Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of all sin; Then lead to Jesus' blood, And to our wondering view reveal The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying ove.

- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life in every part, And new create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come; Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love The Father, Son, and thee.

# 164 Christ's Return.

- 1 In expectation sweet, We'll wait, and sing, and pray, Till Christ's triumphal car we meet, And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes! The conq'ror comes! Death falls beneath his sword; The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs, And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, Awake! The saints the call obey; Their joyful upward flight they take, To realms of endless day.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
  Who love the ways of peace;
  No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
  Or shade their perfect bliss.

# 165 Awake from Slumber.

- 1 Gracious Redeemer, shake
  This slumber from my soull
  Say to me now, Awake, awake,
  And Christ shall make thee whole.
- 2 Give me on thee to call,
  Always to watch and pray,
  Lest I into temptation fall,
  And cast my shield away.
- 3 Oh! do thon always warn My soul of evil near! When to the right or left I turn, Thy voice still let me hear:
- 4 Come back! this is the way! Come back! and walk therein! Oh! may I hearken and obey, And shun the paths of sin!



# 166 God is Love.

1 There is a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

- 2 There is a lovely star, That lights the darkest gloom, And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a cheering voice,
  That lifts the soul above,
  Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
  And whispers, God is love.

4 That voice from Calvary's hight, Proclaims the soul forgiven; That star is revelation's light; That hope, the hope of Heaven

#### 167 Consecration.

- 1 Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart, and free, Myself, my residue of days, I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy willing servant, I
  Restore to thee thine own;
  And from this moment, live or die,
  Will serve my God alone.



# 168 Evening Hymn.

- 1 The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; Oh! may we all remember well, The night of death draws near.
- Lord, keep us safe this night,
   Secure from all our fears;
   May angels guard us while we sleep,
   Till morning light appears.
- 3 And if we early rise,
  And view th' unwearied sun,
  May we set out to win the prize,
  And after glory run.
- 4 And when our days are past, And we from time remove, Oh! may we in thy bosom rest— The bosom of thy love.



169 Be on Thy Guard.

My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw me from the skies.

- 2 Oh! watch, and fight and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy arduous task will not be done Till thou obtain a crown.

I70 Baptism.

- I Here, Saviour, we would come, In thine appointed way; Obedient to thy high commands, Our solemn vows we pay.
- 2 Oh! bless this sacred rite, To bring us near to thee; And may we find that as our day Our strength may also be.

#### I7I The Lord's Supper.

I Jesus invites his saints To meet around his board, And sup in mem'ry of the death And sufferings of their Lord.

- 2 We take the bread and wine, As emblems of thy death; Lord, raise our souls above the sign, To feast on thee by faith.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the living wine, It looks beyond this scene of strife— Unites us to the Vine.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come again; The marriage supper of the Lamb Will usher in his reign.

# 172 Jesus, my Hope.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope, On thee I east my care, With humble confidence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.
(90) 2 I want a sober mind, A self-renouncing will, That tramples down and casts behind The baits of pleasing ill:

3 A soul innred to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear, A quick, discerning eye, That looks to thee when sin is near, And sees the tempter fly

5 A spirit still prepared, And armed with jealous care, Forever standing on its guard, And watching unto prayer.

# 173 Weigh not Thy Life.

- 1 My soul, weigh not thy life Against thy heavenly crown; Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong, Hold on the fearful fight, And let the breaking day prolong The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield, If thou thy part fulfill; For strong as is the hostile shield, Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,
  Thy feet with victory shod;
  And on thy head shall quickly shine
  The diadem of God

#### 174 The Pure in Heart.

- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,
  For they shall see our God,
  The secret of the Lord is theirs;
  Their soul is his abode,
- 2 Still to the lowly soul,
  He doth himself impart,
  And for his temple and his throne
  Selects the pure in heart.



175 .Jesus Comes.

1 Hark! that shout of rapture high, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Jesus comes, and, through the sky, Angels tell their joy aloud.

- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice Sounds abroad o'er sea and land; Let his people now rejoice; Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view; Heaven and earth before him fly; Rise, ye saints, he comes for you; Rise, to meet him in the sky.

#### 170 Soldier of the Cross.

1 Sleep not, soldier of the cross, Foes are lurking all around; Look not here to find repose, This is but a battle-ground.

2 Up, and take thy shield and sword; Up, it is the call of Heaven; Shrink not faithless from thy Lord, Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill, Tread the might of passion down, Struggle onward, onward still, To the conquering Saviour's crown.

4 Through the midst of toil and pain, Let the tho't ne'er leave thy breast, Every triumph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest,

#### 17' Exaltation.

1 Magnify Jehovah's name! For his mercies, ever sure, From eternity the same, To eternity endure.

2 Let his ransomed flock rejoice, Gathered out of every laud, As the people of his choice, Plucked from the destroyer's hand,

3 To the Lord their God they cry He inclines a gracious ear, Sends deliverance from on high, Rescues them from all their fear. 4 Oh, that men would praise the Lord For his goodness to their race; For the wonders of his word, And the riches of his grace !

Praise the Lord.

1 All ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voices raise; Heaven and earth, with loud accord, Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 Praise him, ye who know his love, Praise him from the depths beneath; Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

179 Meet Again.

1 Meet again when time is o'er, Meet again to part no more; How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part.

2 Meet again where endless joy We shall taste without alloy; Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old. Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again, how passing sweet, Friends long lost again to meet; Careworn souls, by tempest driven, Oh, how sweet to meet in Heaven!

#### Invitation.

1 Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come.

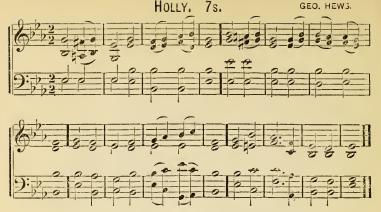
2 Hither come; for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace which ever shall endure, Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

#### 181 Closing Hymn.

1 Christian brother, ere we part, • Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again.

(91)



# 182 Consecration.

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be Perfectly resigned to thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, Only in thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only thee content to know, Ignorant of all below? Only guided by thy light? Only mighty in thy might?
- 3 Fully in my life express All the hights of holiness; -Sweetly let my spirit prove All the depths of humble love,

# 183 Protection.

- 1 God of love that hearest prayer, Kindly for thy people care, Who on thee alone depend; Love us, save us, to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour, From the flattering tempter's power, From his unsuspected wiles, From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain On the help of feeble man; Every arm of flesh remove; Stay us only on thy love!
- 4 Never let the world break in; Fix a mighty gulf between: Keep us little and unknown, Prized and loved by God alone.

# 184 Holy Bible.

- 1 Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure, thou art mine! Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove; Min, to show a Saviour's love; Mine, art thou to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit; (92)

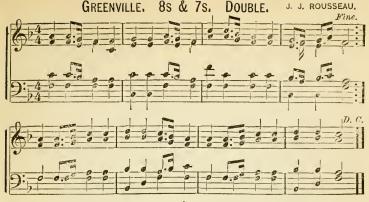
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show, by living faith, Man can trinmph over death;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; O thou holy hook divine! Precious treasure, thou art mine

### 185 Holy Spirit.

- 1 Holy Spirit, light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night away, Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Spirit, joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine; Bid my many woes depart; Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down every idol throne; Reign supreme, and reign alone.

# 186 Lov'st Thou Me?

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Saviour; hear his word; Jesus speaks and speaks to thee, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 I delivered thee when bound, And when wounded, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a mother's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be; Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 5 Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love's so weak and faint; Yet, I love thee, and adore; Oh, for grace to love thee more!



# 187 Waiting.

- 1 Long upon the mountains, weary, Have the scattered flock been torn; Dark the desert paths, and dreary,— Grievons trials have they borne. Now the gathering call is sounding, Solemn in its warning voice; Union, faith, and love, abounding, Bid the little flock rejoice.
- 2 Now the light of truth they're seeking, In its onward track pursue; All the ten commandments keeping, They are holy, just, and true. On the words of life they're feeding, Precious to their taste so sweet; All their Master's precepts heeding, Bowing humbly at his feet.
- 3 Soon He comes! with clouds descending;
  All his saints, entombed, arise;
  The redeemed in anthems blending
  Shouts of victry through the skies.
  Oh! we long for thine appearing;
  Come, O Saviour! quickly come!
  Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
  Take thy ransomed children home.

#### 188 Our Home.

- 1 This is not my place of resting—
  Mine's a city yet to come;
  Onward, to it, I am hasting—
  On to my eternal home.
  In it, all is light and glory;
  O'er it shines a nightless day;
  Every trace of sin's sad story,
  All the curse hath passed away.
- 2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
  By the streams of life along;
  On the freshest pastures feeds us,
  Turns our sighing into song.
  Soon we pass this desert dreary,
  Soon we bid farewell to pain;
  Never more are sad and weary,
  Never, never sin again.

# 189 Thy Kingdom Come.

- I Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
  Born to set thy people free;
  From our fears and sins release us,
  Let us find our rest in Thee;
  Israel's strength and consolation,
  Hope of all the saints thou art;
  Dear Desire of every nation,
  Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
  Born a child and yet a King;
  Born to reign o'er us forever,
  Now thy precious kingdom bring;
  By thine own eternal Spirit,
  Rule in all our hearts alone;
  By thine all-sufficient merit,
  Raise us to thy glorious throne.

# IGO Guard Us.

- 1 Gracious Father, guard thy children From the foe's destructive power; Save, oh, save them, Lord, from falling In this dark and trying hour. Thou wilt surely prove thy people, All our graces must be tried; But thy word illumes our pathway.
- 2 We are in the time of waiting; Soon we shall behold our Lord, Wafted far away from sorrow, To receive our rich reward. Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing, Pure, unspotted from the world; Let thy holy Spirit cheer us, Till thy banner is unfurled.

And in God we still confide.

3 With what joyful exultation
Shall the saints thy banner see,
When the Lord for whom we've waited,
Shall proclaim the Jubilee!
Freedom from this world's pollutions;
Freedom from all sin and pain;
Freedom from the wiles of Saian,
And from death's destructive reign.



#### IQI Sabbath Praise.

- I Safely through another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all the week the best! Emblem of eternal rest!
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciling face,
  Take away our sin and shame;
  From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
  May we feel thy presence near; May thy glory meet our eyes
  While we in thy courts appear; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May thy gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths be, Till we rise to reign with thee.

# Saviour, Pilot Me.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass came from thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 When the apostle's fragile bark Struggled with the billows dark, On the stormy Galilee, Thou didst walk upon the sea; And when they beheld thy form, Safe they glided through the storm.

3 When at last I near the shore. And the fearful breakers roar 'Tween me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, Fear not, I will pilot thee.

#### 193 Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood. From thy wounded side that flowed. Be of sin the perfect cure: Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This, for sin, could not atone: Thou must save and thou alone. In my hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 When my pilgrimage I close, Victor o'er the last of foes, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne, Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

#### 194 Social Worship.

- 1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where Christians meet for social prayer, If 'tis sweet, with them to raise Songs of holy joy and praise, Oh, how sweet that state must be, Where they meet eternally!
- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove Preparations from above; While we worship in this place, May we go from grace to grace, Till we each, in his degree, Fit for endless glory be.

# 195 Closing Sabbath.

1 Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon
Have thy sacred moments passed:
Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,
Ere the evening brings thy last!
And another Sabbath flies—
Solemn witness! to the skies!

2 What is the report it bears To the secret place of God? Does it speak of worldly cares, Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod?

Choughts which cling to earth's low sod?

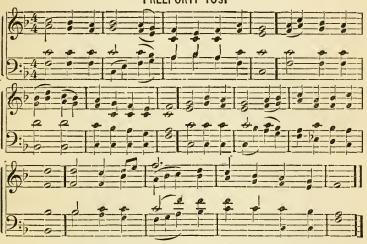
Or has sweet communion shone

Through its hours from God alone?

3 Could we hope the day was spent Prayerfully, with constant heart, We might yield it up content— Knowing though so soon it part, We should see a better day, Which could never pass away.

4 God of Sabbaths! oh, forgive!
That we use thy gifts so ill;
Teach us daily how to live,
That we ever may fulfill
All thy gracious love designed,
Giving Sabbaths to mankind.





196

#### The Sabbath.

- 1 Again the day returns of holy rest, [blest; Which, when he made the world, Jehovah When, like his own, he bade our labors And all be piety, and all be peace. [cease,
- 2 Let ns devote this consecrated day To learn his will, and all we learn obey; So shall he hear, when fervently we raise Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Lord of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear:

Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;

Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,

And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

4 Father in Heaven! in whom our hopes confide,

Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
Through life our surest guardian and

Through life our surest guardian and friend,

Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

# 197 Hail, Happy Day.

1 Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest— What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!

When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love descends,

And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul

Its flattering, fading glories, I despise, And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,

And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes: Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,

And waft it to the blissful realms above!

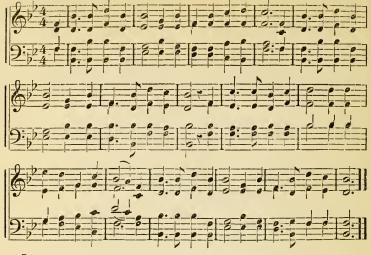
4 O Son of God, exalted on thy throne, Impart that grace which comes from thee alone:

alone: Thou, by whose love our light and peace

are given, Bring us, dear Saviour, to thyself and Heaven.

(95)

# PRAYER OF THE CHURCH. 7s & 6s.



# 108 How Long, O Lord?

1 How long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.
Oh! when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

2 How long, O grac'ous Master, Wilt thou thy household leave? So long hast thou now tarried, Few they return believe. Immersed in sloth and folly, Thy servants, Lord, we see; And few of us stand ready With joy to welcome thee.

3 Oh! wake thy slumbering people; Send forth the solemn cry; Let all the saints repeat it, The Saviour draweth nigh! May all our lamps be burning, Our loins well girded be, Each longing heart preparing With joy thy face to see,

# 199 Help Each Other.

1 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrim,
And soon you'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus, In that auspicious day, When I make up my jewels, Released from cumb'rous clay; He'll polish and refine you From worthless dross and tin, And to his heavenly kingdom, Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers,
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.

#### 200 The Cleansing Blood.

1 The sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne,
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.
The sprinkled blood is telling
Jehovah's love to man,
While heavenly harps are swelling
Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

2 The sprinkled blood is sparkling
Forgiveness full and free,
Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for me.
The sprinkled blood's revealing
A Father's smiling face,
While Jesus' love is sealing
Each monument of grace.

3 The sprinkled blood is pleading
Its virtue as my own,
And there my soul is reading
Her title to thy throne.
The sprinkled blood is owning
The weak one's feeblest plea;
Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,
It pleads, O Lord, with thee.

Oh, wondrons power that seeketh From sin to set me fixe! All, precious blood that speaketh! Should I not value thee? The sprinkled blood is shedding

The sprinkled blood is shedding
Its fragrance all around,
It gilds the path we're treading,
It makes our joys abound.

#### 201 Day of Rest.

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the Eternal One.

2 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

3 A day of sweet reflection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day to raise affection
From earth to things above.

New graces ever gaining From this our day of rest, We seek the rest remaining In mansions of the blest.

#### 202 Better Riches.

I Farewell, all earthly treasures
I bid you all adicu;
Farewell, all earthly honor,
I want no more of you.
I want my union grounded
On the eternal Son,
Beyond the power of Satan,
Where sin can never come.

2 I want my name engraven
Among the righteous ones,
Crying, Iloly, holy Father,
And wear a righteous crown.
For the sake of purer riches,
I'm willing to pass through
All earthly tribulation,
And count it my just due.

4 All earthly tribulation
Is but a moment here;
And oh! if we are faithful,
A crown of life we'll wear.
We shall be called holy,
And feed on angels' food,
Rejoicing in bright glory
Around the throne of God.

# TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.



#### 203 To-Day.

- 1 To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!
  Oh! listen now;
  Within these sacred walls,
  To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!
  For mercy flee;
  For all the guilty soon
  Must guilty be.
- 4 To-day the Saviour calls!
  For refuge fly;
  The storm of vengeance falls;
  Ruin is nigh.
- 5 The Spirit calls to-day! Yield to its power; Oh! grieve it not away; 'Tis mercy's hour.

# 204 The Better Day.

- 1 By faith I see the day That ends my woes, When I shall vict'ry gain O'er all my foes.
- 2 In yonder realms of light, By faith I see A crown of glory bright, Prepared for me.
- 3 Oh! may I ever keep The prize in view; And through the storms of life My way pursue.
- 4 Jesus, be thon my guide;
  My steps attend;
  Oh! keep me near thy side;
  Be thou my friend.
- 5 Be thou my shield and sun, Be thou my guard; And, when my work is done, My great reward.



205 Supplication.

- 1 Let thy Spirit, blessed Saviour, Come and bid our doubtings cease; Come, oh! come with love and favor, Fill us all with joy and peace.
- 2 Fearful dangers are around us, Satan watches to destroy; Lord, our foes would fain confound us; Oh, for us thy might employ!
- 3 On thy word our souls are resting; Taught by thee, thy name we love; Sweetest of all names is Jesus; How it doth our spirits move!
- 4 Let us not, O Lord, be weary
  Of the roughness of the way;
  Though the road be often dreary,
  Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

#### 200 Love Divine.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of Heaven to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus! thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Breathe, oh! breathe thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast! Let us all in thee inherit; Let us find thy promised rest.
- 4 Changed from glory into glory, Till in Heaven we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

#### 207 Praise.

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion, Pure, unbounded grace is thine: Hail the God of our salvation, Praise him for his love divine!
  (98)

- 3 For thy countless blessings given,
  For the hope of future joy,
  Sound his name thro' earth and Heaven,
  Let his praise your tongues employ.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him, Till in Heaven our song we raise: Then enraptured fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

#### 208 Missionary Hymn.

- 1 He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precions seed in love, Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of Heaven, Bright the rays celestial shine; Precious fruits will thus be given, Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary, Let no fears thy soul annoy; Be the prospect ne'er so dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening! See the rising grain appear: Look again! the fields are whitening, For the harvest-time is near.

#### 209 God is our Strength.

- 1 Vain were all our toil and labor, Did not God that labor bless; Vain, without his grace and favor, Every talent we possess.
- 2 Vainer still the hope of Heaven, That on human strength relies; But to him shall help be given Who in humble faith applies.

#### 2IO Benediction.

- 1 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest npon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord, And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

#### 2II Beyond the River.

- 1 I can see beyond the river, Over Jordan's dashing tide; There I'll be with Christ forever, By my Saviour's bleeding side.
- 2 Over there is no more weeping, Over there all pain is o'er; I shall rest in Jesus' keeping, I shall droop and die no more.
- 3 Over there is no more sinning, Over there are sunny skies; Crowns of fadeless beauty winning, Blooming flowers of Paradise.
- 4 Over there Fil find my treasure— Jewels lost long, long ago;

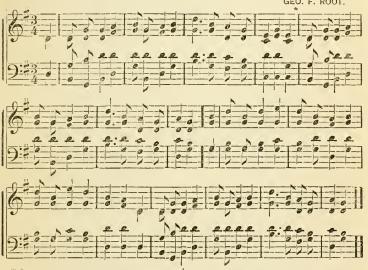
# Love and bliss, in fullest measure. There my raptured heart shall know.

5 Over there all are immortal; Over there is no more night; And the city's pearly portal Now almost appears in sight.

#### 212 Closing Hymn.

- 1 Praise the God of all creation;
  Praise the Father's boundless love;
  Praise the Lamb, our explation,—
  Priest and King, enthroned above;
- 2 Praise the Fountain of salvation,— Him in whom his people live; Undivided adoration To the Lord Jehovah give.

THE SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.



#### 213 The Shining Shore.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger. Would not detain them as they fly— Those hours of toil and danger;

#### CHORUS.

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass over; And jnst before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird onr loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word, Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing: That perfect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's radest tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sever, [home, Our King says, Come, and there's our Forever, oh! forever!

#### 214 Jesus our King.

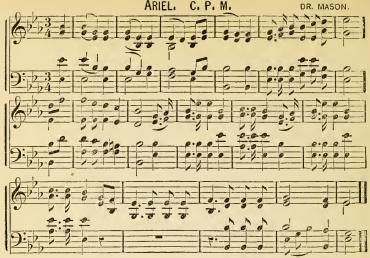
1 There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in Heaven, The name before his wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour, given.

#### PHORUS.

We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed Jesus; For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 He's now upon his Father's throne, Almighty to release us From sin and pains, he gladly reigns, The Prince and Saviour, Jesns.

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### 215 Matchless Worth.

- 1 Oh! could I speak the matchless worth, Oh! could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the character he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all his glories known.
- 3 Well, the delightful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home, And I shall see his face: Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend, A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in his grace.

#### 216 Shall I be There?

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die,

Be found at thy right hand?

- 2 I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious throne to bow, Though weakest of them all: Nor can I bear the piercing thought, To have my worthless name left out, When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace! Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place In that expected day.

Thy pardoning voice, oh! let me hear, To still each unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then lond through all the growd I'll sing.

Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing, While Heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of endless grace.

# 217 Conversion.

- 1 O God, my inmost soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtful heart Eternal things impress; Cause me to feel their solemn weight, And tremble on the brink of fate, And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place in dread array The pomp of that tremendous day, When thou with clouds shalt come To judge the nations at thy bar; And tell me, Lord, shall I be there, To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 Be this my one great business here, With serious industry and fear, Eternal bliss t' insure— Thy utmost counsel to fulfill, And suffer all thy righteous will, And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Father, then, my soul receive, Transported from this vale, to live And reign with thee above, Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope in full, supreme delight, And everlasting love.

### AMERICA, 6s & 4s.



#### 218 Break, Eternal Day.

- 1 Break, break, eternal day, Bid darkness flee away, Pour on our sight— Light from the world of joy, Bliss pure without alloy; Then ne'er shall gloom annoy, All shall be bright,
- 2 Rise, rise, thou glorious sun, Hasten thy race to run; At God's command, Extend thy healing wings, Open joy's long-scaled springs, Reign, O thou King of kings, In this dark land.
- 3 Come, come, thou conquering One, Reign thou upon thy throne,
  In glory bright;
  Then shall the ransomed raise,
  Unceasing songs of praise,
  Throughout eternal days,
  In realms of light.

# 219 Raise Your Voices.

- 1 Come, let our voices raise
  A song of grateful praise,
  And thankful love;
  Let each a tribute bring,
  Let all awake and sing,
  Praise to our heavenly King,
  Who dwells above.
  - 2 The gospel's sacred page Reveals to every age Salvation free. Oh, send the joyful sound, And let it echo round, Till praises loud resound, O God, to thee!
  - 3 Accept our offerings, Lord, To spread thy truth abroad, Our labors own! At length at thy right hand May we together stand, And with the angel band Surround thy throne!



#### 220 Heaven is my Home.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home. Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand; Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home.

Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be overpast; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There'll be the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest;
Heaven is my home,



# 221 The Dream of Pilate's Wife.

- 1 It was not sleep that bound my sight Upon that well-remembered night; It was not fancy's fitful power Beguiled me in that solemn hour. But o'er the vision of my soul The mystic future seemed to roll; And in the deep, prophetic trance, Revealed its treasures to my glance.
- 2 Before my wondering eyes there stood A vast, a countless multitude: The hoary sire, the prattling child The mother, and the maiden mild, The gladsome youth, and man of care— All tribes, all ages, mingled there; And all, where'er I turned to see, In humble silence bent the knee.
- 3 Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed; Against the lurid eastern sky I saw the shameful cross upraised, I saw the sufferer doomed to die. 'Twas He whom late with sorrowing mien, In Zion's streets I oft had seen;

And now in blood and agony, He turned a dying look on me. 4 Then softly from that gathering throng

Arose the sound of solemn song; And while I caught the swelling lay, The myriad voices seemed to say-

And we believe in him that died, By Pontius Pilate crucified-

That he shall come, when time is fled, To judge the living and the dead.

5 I woke; thou wast not by my side, I heard a loud exulting cry: I heard the scornful priests deride,

The elders murmur, Crucify! O Pilate! hadst thou marked my prayer, That guiltless blood to shield and spare,

That deed of horror would not be A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

6 Our scenes of early love are past; Our youthful spring is withered all: Afar from Rome our lot is cast, Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul;

he thoughts that memory treasures yet Of other days, begin to flee; But never shall my heart forget

The Crucified of Galilee!

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#### 222 The Judgment.

- 1 Oh, solemn thought, and can it be
  The hour of Judgment now is come,
  Which soon must its our destiny,
  And seal the sinner's fearful doom?
  Yes, it is so; the Judgment hour
  Is swiftly hastening to its close;
  Then will the Judge, in mighty power,
  Descend in vengeance on his foes.
- 2 He who came down to earth to die,
  An offering for the sins of men,
  And then ascended up on high,
  And will ere long return again,
  Is standing now before the ark,
  And mercy-seat, and cheruoim,
  To plead his blood for saints, and make

The last remembrance of their sin.

When we who have his name confessed, Each in his lot must singly stand, And pass the final, searching test.

Jesus! we hope in thee alone;
In mercy now upon us look,
Confess our names before the throne,
And blot our sins from out thy book.

3 The solemn moment is at hand

4 O blessed Saviour! may we feel
The full importance of this hour.
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal,
And aid us by thy Spirit's power;
That we may in thy strength be strong,
And brave the conflict valiantly;
Then, on Mount Zion, join the song,
And swell the notes of victory.

# HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s.



# 223 Hail to the Brightness.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning:

Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.

2 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-

ing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud, from the mountain-tops, echoes are
ringing;
[song,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in

3 See, the dead risen from land and from

ocean,
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;

Fraise to Jehovah, ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,

Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

#### 224 Heir of the Kingdom.

1 Heir of the kingdom, oh! why dost thou slumber [home? Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armor,

Speed, for the moments are hurrying on.

2 Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?

How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;

Haste to receive him descending the skies.

3 Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,

Tremble with terror and sink in dismay; Listen, 'tis naught but the chariot's loud rumbling;

Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.

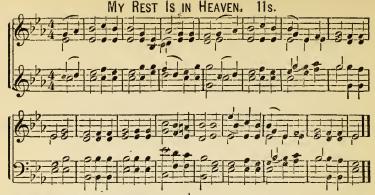
4 Stay not, oh! stay not for earth's vain allurements;

See how its glory is passing away;
Break the strong fetters the foe hath
bound o'er thee;

Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.

5 Keep the eye single, the head npward lifted; (King; Watch for the glory of earth's coming Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking; leirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye, and

(103)



#### 225 My Rest is in Heaven.

- 1 My rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here. Then why should I tremble when trials are near? [can come, Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, Or building my hopes in a region like this; I look for a city that hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin andefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon roses below; I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest, Till I find them forever on Jesus's breast.
- 4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy, [into joy; One glimpse of his love turns them all And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, [and gem. Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond
- 5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose, [its close; They only make Heaven more sweet at Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall, [them all. An hour with my God will make up for
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
  I march on in haste through an enemy's
  The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
  I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it

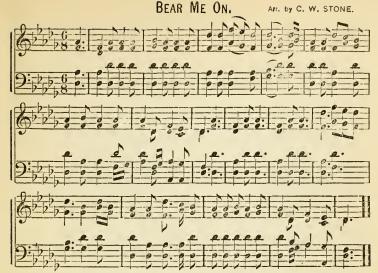
#### 226 I Love Thee.

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; [God; I love thee, my Savionr; I love thee, my I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know; [will show. But how much I love thee, my actions (104)

- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh! wondrous account! My joys are immortal, I stand on the I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there, With Jesus and angels, and kindred so
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest—
  My life and salvation, my joy and my rest.
  Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song;
  (and my tongue.
  Thy grace shall inspire both my heart
- 4 Oh! who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; (me to sing. He smiles, and he loves me, and learns I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and clear, (cheer. While rivers of pleasure my spirit do

# 227 I'm Weary.

- 1 I'm weary of staying—ohl when shall I rest (the blest; In that promised land of the good and Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread, (fled? And tears and temptations forever are
- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth, O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at O'er the pangs of the loved which we cannot assuage, (weakness of age. O'er the blightings of youth and the
- 3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue, (dew; As fair but as fleeting as bright morning I long for that land whose blest promise alone (throne. Is changeless, and sure as eternity's
- 4 I'm weary of loving what passes away; The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay; (are o'er, I long for that land where these partings And death and the bomb can divide us no more!



## 228 Bear Me On.

1 Oh! how I long to see that day, When the redeemed shall come To Zion, elad in white array— Their blissful, happy home.

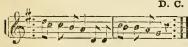
CHO.—Oh! bear me on, bear me on
To Mount Zion;
Then bear me on to that city of love,
Where saints will ever dwell.

- 2 To hear the alleluias roll
  From the unnumbered throng:
  The kingdom spread from pole to pole;
  And join redemption's song.
- 3 To see all Israel safe at home, Singing on Zion's hight;

And Jesus crowned upon his throne, Creation own his right.

- 4 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh,
  The pilgrim longs to see,
  That dries the tear from every eyc—
  Creation's jubilee.
- 5 Jernsalem I long to see, Blest city of my King; And eat the fruit of life's fair tree, And hear the blood-washed sing.
- 6 My longing heart cries out, Oh, come! Creation groans for thee! The weary pilgrim sighs, Oh, come! Bring immortality!





229 Here is no Rest.

1 Here o'er the earth as a stranger i roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
For I look forward to thet righting day.

For I look forward to that glorious day, When sin and sorrow will vanish away; My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around, Here is no rest, is no rest; (surround; Here I am grieved while my foes me Yet I am blest, I am blest. Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,

Let them revite me, and scon at my name, Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;

I will go forward, for this my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest.

(105)





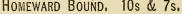
We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

#### 230 The Heavenly Mansion.

1 Let others seek a home below, We'll be gathered home;

Which flames devour or waves o'erflow We'll be gathered home.

- 2 Be mine the happier lot to own, We'll be gathered home;
  - A heavenly mansion near the throne, We'll be gathered home.
- 3 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline, We'll be gathered home; And sun and moon refuse to shine, We'll be gathered home.
- 4 Though desolation here may be, We'll be gathered home; That heavenly mansion stands for me, We'll be gathered home.





#### 23I Homeward Bound.

1 Out on the ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; [tide,

Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless We're homeward bound, homeward bound. [rode, Far from the safe, quiet harbor, we've

Seeking our Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestow'd, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; [shores, Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel: Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale; Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking

Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last; Softly we drift on its bright, silver tide, We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glorified shore;

We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God! we shall shout evermore; We're home at last, home at last.

# THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.



## 232 The Fountain of Life.

1 All you that are weary and sad—come!
And you that are cheerful and glad—come!

In robes of humility clad—come!
The Saviour invites you to-day.

2 Let youth in its freshness and bloom,

Let man in the pride of his noon, come! Let age on the verge of the tomb, come! Let none in his pride stay away.

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3 Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind, come!

Let all who are freely inclined, come!

With an humble and peaceable mind,
come!

Away from the waters of strife.

4 The Spirit and Bride freely say, Come!
And let him that heareth it say, Come!
And let him that thirsteth tq-day, come!
And drink of the fountain of life.



## 233 The Eden Above.

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, [love, The home of the happy, the kingdom of Ye wanderers from God in the broad road

of folly,

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish [fied rove; Can breathe in the fields where the glori-

Ye heart-burden'd ones, who in misery languish,

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression, [grove; Can injure the dwellers in that holy

No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;

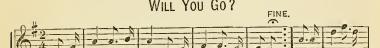
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 No poverty there—no, the saints all are wealthy, [love; The heirs of His glory whose nature is Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee, [move; We halt yet a moment as onward we Oh, come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,

And bear thee along to the Eden above.





# 234 Sinner's Invitation.

1 Will you go, sinner, go to the highlands of Heaven?

Where the storms never blow, and the long summer's given;

Where the bright, blooming flowers are their odors emitting,

And the leaves of the bowers, in the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the rich, golden fruit is in bright clusters pending, And the deep-laden boughs of life's fair

tree are bending,
And where life's crystal stream is unceasingly flowing, [growing.
And the verdure is green, and eternally

3 Where the saints rob'd in white—cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,

Shining beauteous and bright, they inhabit the mountain;

Where no sin nor dismay, neither trouble nor sorrow, [the morrow. Will be felt for a day, nor be feared for

4 Look by faith to the cross, and behold
Jesus bleeding. [interceding,
Then, ascended on high, at the throne
Oh, scenre pardon now, while sweet mercy's extended, [is ended.
Ere the harvest is past and the summer

5 He's prepared thee a home—sinner, caust thou believe it?

And invites thee to come—sinner, wilt thou receive it? [receding, Oh, come, sinner, come, for the time is And the Saviour will soon and forever cease pleading.

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# BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



- 235 Nearer to Thee.
  - I Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, Ev'n though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
  - 2 Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

- 3 There let the way appear, Steps up to Heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
  Bright with thy praise,
  Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
  So by my woes to be
  Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

# SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.



# 230 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known. In scasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear To than whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless. And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation chare. Till from Hount Playah's lofty height,

May I try consolution snare.
Till from Hount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
I'arewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

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